

THE WIFE

Saturday, July 1, 1871.



"When are you going to be married?"—p. 610.

TRIED.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON one of the last days in July, May Bathurst came down to the drawing-room, after a night spent in her aunt's room, with a face bright as the morning in its expression of joyousness and hope.

The improvement in Mrs. Leigh's condition had been very rapid during the past week, and she had now slept particularly well, and had awoken looking so nearly restored to her former health, that May felt

sure she was approaching the term of her long attendance in the sick-room, and that she would soon be free to give herself up once more to the enjoyment of Sydney Leigh's society.

It had been no small trial for her to exile herself from him, as she had done during her aunt's tedious illness; and she could perhaps hardly have borne the separation it involved, if she had not been able to solace herself with the continual thought that soon she would be his, and his only, for ever, and that it would become her first and highest duty to give him that exclusive devoted service which would be at the same time her unutterable joy.

She had come down now hoping to see him for a few minutes, as it was about the hour when he generally arrived at the house, but neither he nor Irene were in the drawing-room; and she was turning to go to the studio to see if they were there, when she met Dr. Fleming, who was just passing the door on the way up to Mrs. Leigh's room.

When he saw May he stopped his rapid progress (for he always went up the stairs two or three steps at a time) and came back with her into the drawing-room, shutting the door behind them.

"I was just wishing to see you alone," he said.

"And I was no less anxious to talk to you," she answered, smiling, "for Aunt Leigh is so charmingly well this morning that I think it is quite time we should begin to make our plans for the autumn."

"So I think also," he said, very gravely, as if his words had a deeper meaning than appeared on the surface.

May put her own interpretation on them.

"You think we must not delay a day longer than we can help, giving my aunt change of air?" she said. "Well, that is the very point I wished to discuss with you. It has always been our purpose to spend the months of August and September at Wildbad. Do you think that climate would suit her, or would the journey be too long? Ought we rather to go to some nearer baths?"

"When are you going to be married?" was Dr. Fleming's exceedingly abrupt question, without his giving the smallest answer to her inquiry.

May could not help laughing, till, raising her eyes to his face, she saw that it wore an expression of distress and anxiety which somewhat alarmed her.

"Do you still think there is any cause for uneasiness about my aunt?" she exclaimed, hastily, her thoughts turning to the only source of disquietude she thought likely to affect Dr. Fleming.

"I did not mention Mrs. Leigh," he said; "she is going on perfectly well, and is in fact quite convalescent. I asked you when you were going to be married. It seems to me a very plain question."

"Well, you shall have a plain answer. On the first of November."

"Why not on the first of August?"

"The day after to-morrow!" exclaimed May; "dear Dr. Fleming, how is it possible?"

"Why not?" he said, with a certain harshness of manner, which those who knew him well had learned to connect with some deep feeling he wished to conceal. "I suppose there is a wretched obstacle in the way of wedding finery which seems to you quite an insuperable bar. It is like a woman to be ready to fling away her happiness for a satin dress."

"I do not understand you, Dr. Fleming," said May, feeling a good deal wounded. "Certainly my preparations are not made for so early a date as the first of August, but it was respect for my father's memory which fixed our marriage for November; it will then be just a year from the time of his death."

"Dear Miss Bathurst," said Fleming, more gently, "if your father can look down on this troubled sphere from his place of rest, be assured he would rather see you made happy with the man you love now at once, than that you should wait another three months, in order to pay a hollow compliment to him memory."

May was perplexed and annoyed; she could not understand the doctor's persistence, or imagine any motive for his singular suggestion. Trying not to show her vexation, however, she answered quietly, "Mr. Leigh's arrangements as well as my own have all been made for the first of November; I could not possibly propose any change to him now, especially as I see no reason whatever for doing so."

Dr. Fleming was perfectly silent for a few minutes; he seemed in deep thought. At last he said, "What have been your own arrangements, then, for the period between the present time to the day of your marriage?"

"We meant, as I told you, to go to Wildbad for the next two months, and then to spend October at Combe Bathurst in preparation for our wedding; but it depends, of course, on whether you think my aunt able to travel."

"She is perfectly able; she can start to-morrow, if you like. Who besides Mrs. Leigh goes with you to Germany?"

"Sydney and Irene Clive, and of course Xanthi and Chunder, who have become quite inseparable."

"Could you not leave Miss Clive here?" said Fleming, abruptly.

"Leave Irene here alone! certainly we could not; it would be quite impossible, and really wrong and unkind. And, besides, my aunt would not go without her; she has adopted her as her own daughter—unless indeed you think the climate of Wildbad would be hurtful to Irene in any way, for then we must go somewhere else. Is that what you mean?"

"No," said Fleming, gruffly; "any climate would be suitable for a person in perfect health as she is. She will be quite as well if you leave her here in London as anywhere else."

"But we could not possibly leave a girl of seven-

teen in the house quite alone. Surely you must see that yourself, Dr. Fleming; and, besides, why should we? it will be a pleasure to us all to have her with us."

The doctor turned to the door with a heavy frown on his face. "I had better return to my legitimate vocation," he said, as if answering some thought of his own, "and try to heal physical instead of moral evils. I will go and see if your aunt requires any further help from me."

He was leaving the room when May sprang after him, and put her hand on his arm. "Dr. Fleming, wait a moment," she said, earnestly, "you must tell me what all this means. Why have you been making these strange suggestions? what is the matter with you?"

He turned round, took both her hands in his, and looked fixedly at her, while a wistful tenderness stole into his deep-set eyes. "May Bathurst," he said, "you have yet to learn that the very deepest longing I have, so far as this world is concerned, is to see you happy. It was that desire, and that alone, which has prompted me in everything I have said to day."

With these words he wrung her hands, seemingly under the influence of strong emotion, and then went swiftly and silently out of the room.

May continued standing where he left her in very great bewilderment. Perhaps the only clear idea that remained in her mind from all that had passed was the dawning conviction that Dr. Fleming's affection for her, of which she had long been aware, was of a much deeper and more serious nature than she had ever imagined before; but she could not think of this now, while she wearied herself in trying to discover what could possibly be his motive for wishing that her marriage should take place immediately, and that Irene Clive should be left alone in London.

Intently pondering on these vexed questions, May moved slowly onwards to accomplish her original purpose of seeking Sydney Leigh in his studio, and with her light tread she reached the door, which stood half open, and walked quietly into the room.

The painter and his model were both there, but neither of them perceived her entrance. Irene was standing in the attitude in which her portrait was being taken, with her head turned aside and slightly drooping, and she remained so perfectly motionless, that she would have seemed like a beautiful statue but for the soft blush that came and went on her fair face, under the consciousness of Sydney's gaze, and the quick heaving of her chest, which seemed to tell of a wildly-beating heart within.

Sydney sat at his easel with the half-finished picture before him, but the palette and brushes were lying idly by his side, while, with his hands clasped upon the back of a chair, and his head bent forward, he was looking on Irene Clive with such a gaze of

absolute adoration, as a fire-worshipper might fix upon the rising sun.

Whether it was that Dr. Fleming's mysterious words had laid a hidden train of thought, along which the subtle magnetism of the mind had now conducted May Bathurst, or simply that Sydney Leigh's expression was but too unmistakable in its terrible meaning, certain it is that in that moment a sudden awful terror smote down into her very heart, which blanched her face to the hue of death and sent a quivering agony through every fibre of her frame—a terror which finally took shape in her own consciousness in the words pregnant with despair, "What if he should love her!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAY BATHURST passed out of the room, where she had seen her promised husband gazing on Irene Clive, unperceived either by him or his companion. The time she had remained in their presence had not extended beyond two or three minutes, but that brief period was to be to her henceforward as a gulf, deep, dark, and fathomless, for ever fixed between her and the happy past—the past of cloudless hope, of fearless trust, of calm security, that never more could fill her heart with all the peace and joy that had been hers, since that hour when Sydney Leigh had told her that he loved her, and she believed him.

Strange it is, indeed, how one moment can sometimes change the whole current of a life, quenching the sunshine that has brightened it, killing the peace that has blessed it, driving it out of the flower-decked channel, where it has been softly gliding on, to find its path among sharp stones and rocks and caverns of gloom, till the fairest prospect on a horizon that was once all light, is the great dim sea of death, wherein its earthly course at last shall end.

May Bathurst did not at first realise what that moment had been to her when her shuddering heart rose up within her and said, "What if he should love her?" but she knew it well hereafter; to the last day of her life she looked back upon that brief instant as the turning-point of her existence, both for time and for eternity.

At first, and for many hours afterwards, she was completely stunned; her faith in Sydney Leigh—in his truth, in his honour, in his love—had been so intense, so unfaltering, that it seemed to her impossible to doubt him; and yet the intolerable terror that had struck into her soul, with the utterance of the sentence we have recorded, had been really a lightning-flash of conviction if she could have endured to recognise it as such; but the consequences it involved would be to all so tremendous, to herself so appalling, that she simply dared not look the matter in the face.

She walked away from that room like a person caught in the trammels of a hideous unnatural

dream, and she was thankful to be met by a summons from her aunt, which would, she knew, compel her to fix her attention on some other subject for the present.

All that day May went restlessly about the house, in a manner so unlike her usual gracious and cheerful calm, that her aunt often looked at her with surprise, and even with alarm. She flew from one occupation to another, unable really to fix her thoughts on any employment, and laughed and talked with a false, feverish excitement, in the miserable attempt to persuade herself that she was gay and happy.

Unspeakably did she dread the silent, inexorable night, in whose darkness and tranquillity the spectre cares we strive to banish from our minds by day come forth with ghastly distinctness, to force themselves on our unwilling consciousness.

She strove to fatigue herself in every way, in the hope that she might fall at once into a heavy slumber; but when at length she lay down exhausted, her sleepless eyes refused to close, and hour after hour passed over her in slow deliberate torture, while she remained there like one stretched upon a rack. Actually to look at the question in all its bearings, or to let her mind so much as touch upon the possibility of that death in life which a separation from Sydney would be to her, would have been as difficult and terrible for her in those hours as to have plunged herself into flames of burning fire; but all through that night two dreadful alternatives, from the thought of which she could not escape, seemed to rise and fall in continual succession within her mind, each more unendurable than the other; and these were—the possibility that she might be holding Sydney bound to herself while he loved another woman, or that she might be doubting him, and that he might even come to know of that doubt, while his heart was really as true and faithful as her own.

Back and forward, back and forward, between those two equally intolerable thoughts, her weary spirit passed in that long vigil of anguish and terror, and at length when the grey dawn was breaking to usher in another day, she flung herself out of her uneasy bed, and kneeling down in the middle of the room, with clasped hands and eyes uplifted in piteous entreaty, she exclaimed, "O my God! if it be so—if he does love her—let me know it clearly—unmistakably."

That prayer was answered. Two days more had passed—days of restless misery for May Bathurst—and on the third morning Mrs. Leigh was so much better that Dr. Fleming ordered her to take a drive in the open carriage for the first time since her illness. She started immediately after luncheon, and her niece accompanied her, leaving Sydney and Irene Clive in the studio as usual, where the portrait of the young Greek was rapidly becoming a very life-like and beautiful painting. The amateur artist

had never been so successful before; but he worked for many hours each day with infinite care at his picture, and with a degree of ardour and enthusiasm quite unusual to him, and those who saw it declared he must have been almost inspired, so wonderfully had he caught the bright expression and indescribable grace of his beautiful model.

May stood by his side for a few minutes before she went out with Mrs. Leigh, and admired it, but Sydney was almost quite silent while she remained in the room, and during the drive she herself was so abstracted that her aunt more than once spoke to her without her seeming to hear her.

When they returned, Mrs. Leigh went to lie down, and May passed into her own room to take off her bonnet. She had laid it aside and was sitting in deep thought, her head leaning on her hand, when there was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," said May, thinking it was her maid; but it was Irene Clive who responded to the invitation, and came with a hurried movement into the room.

Miss Bathurst started when she saw her, for the young girl seemed to be in a state of uncontrollable agitation; her eyes were glittering with feverish excitement, and there was a burning flush on her cheeks, while the quivering of her lips seemed to indicate that she had difficulty in restraining herself from bursting into tears.

For a moment she stood at the door, panting and trembling as if she knew not how to act; then, evidently with an impulse of desperation, she rushed forward, flung herself on her knees before May, and burying her face in her lap, exclaimed with a wild sob, "Oh, Miss Bathurst, send me away! send me away from this house! Let me go out into the street to starve or perish! it does not matter what becomes of me, only send me quite away; let me never be seen here again!"

She was so agitated, so incoherent, that May could scarcely understand what she said.

"My dear Irene," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Oh, it is all so wretched! I do not know what to do; it seems such wicked, cruel ingratitude to you; and yet I am not ungrateful, indeed—I am not! I would have given my life for you; and now I seem so base, so treacherous! Oh! why did you not leave me to die? why did you not put me into the grave with my father? why—why, in your pity and generosity, did you bring me here to be your curse?"

The poor child appeared as if she could no longer in any way restrain herself, and bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, she flung her arms closely round her friend and clung to her, while her breast seemed torn with gasping sobs. But May grew suddenly cold and rigid as a statue in Irene's convulsive embrace; the colour faded out of her face, leaving it

white as marble, while a chill like that of death seemed to paralyse her limbs and almost check the beating of her heart, which with dull, heavy movement scarce carried on the functions of life: for in that instant the intuition had come to her, of the true meaning of the young girl's violent excitement and distress. She knew that the death-knell of her whole life's happiness had been sounded, as surely as if she had seen Sydney Leigh laid lifeless at her feet; for she saw, she felt, that he was lost to her for ever!

Once—twice she tried to speak, but her cold lips had no power to frame the words; at last, with the utmost difficulty, she said, in a strange, stifled voice, "Irene—tell me all—tell the truth—Sydney—"

She could say no more, but at the sound of that name the Greek girl, who had all the passionate excitability of her race, threw up her arms with almost a shriek, and exclaimed, "It was not my fault, I would rather have died than let him know what I felt; but he was so miserable, so utterly despairing, he broke my heart. Oh, May—May! I thought of you even in that hour. I saw the cruelty, the treachery to you, but he had tears in his eyes; yes, tears—he, a man, so brave, so noble—could I see them, and deny the truth? Who could see him, and not love him? But send me away, kill me; why did I ever come here?"

This scene was becoming more than May Bathurst could endure. She gasped and shivered for a few minutes, while it seemed to her as if the roaring of many waters was in her ears. But she made an almost superhuman effort; she demanded from the whole strength and energy of her nature the power to be calm—at least till that was accomplished, which had to be done. She laid her hands on Irene's beautiful bowed head; she spoke in a low solemn voice, such as is used instinctively in a chamber of death, and said—

"Irene, there is but one service you can do me now, and if ever you have wished to show me kindness, nerve yourself to obey my one request—tell me the truth, tell me all; let me know every word that has passed this day between Sydney Leigh and yourself, so shall you best act for his happiness, for your own, for mine."

Her voice died on the last word to a hollow tone of pain, but her deep, almost awful calm, stilled the tempest of feeling in Irene's heart.

She raised her limpid blue eyes to the rigid passionless face, and with a quiver of fear in her voice said, "I must obey you, if you require it, Miss Bathurst, whatever you may command, but can you really mean it; am I to tell all—all?"

And the deep, calm voice answered, "All!"

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN MERRIMENT.

JAMES V. 13.

Jany merry? let him sing psalms," says St. James. Is it, then, dangerous to be merry? Alas! we are so weak, so prone to evil, that there is absolutely no mood or posture of the soul which has not its peril. St. James does not say, or mean, that merry moods are more perilous than sad moods. He is just as careful to bid the afflicted pray as he is to bid the merry sing psalms. But he does mean and imply that the merry mood, like all other moods, has its dangers. And if we ask what that danger is, he still further implies that our merriment is apt to be non-religious, unspiritual, indecent. Hence he urges us to give our mirth a religious expression, to take it as the gift of the Divine goodness, and to give thanks for it. He teaches us that "if our hearts be set to hallow all we find," we shall hallow our merriment. Charles Lamb said that he, for one, was more disposed to give thanks before a fine picture, or over a fine poem, than when he sat down to a good dinner. In his delicate fanciful way he adds: "I want a form for setting out on a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why

have we none for books—those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional service proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'?" St. James was of his mind; he, too, thought it would be well that whatever touched the spirit to its gayer or finer issues should be matter for devout thanksgiving.

But is the danger which he assumes a real danger? Are we apt to take our pleasures thanklessly, to be indecent when we are merry? We can hardly doubt it. We may not be of those who deem merriment unchristian and laughter a vice. We may be conscious that enjoyment and mirth often make us more devout, and impress the goodness of God more deeply on us than formal acts of worship. But are we not also conscious that at other times, when the fun grows a little "fast and furious," or when it springs mainly from the gratification of the senses, instead of rising into holy gratitude, we sink into unspiritual moods, and should regard the intrusion of religious thought and emotion as altogether out of keeping with the scene and the spirit of the hour?

Of course, I do not mean to say that we never take our pleasures religiously unless we have God distinctly in our thoughts, and express our mirth

in formal words of praise. Without any distinct or immediate reference to him, we may honour him by taking his gifts with a thankful heart for a temperate enjoyment. We may prove ourselves under law to him by shunning all excess, by showing that we hate the sneer that wounds a neighbour, and find no wit in the jest that taints the spirit, or by studying to give others pleasure at our own expense. Lads in the cricket-field need not break out into psalms and hymns; they may prove themselves religious by their strict honour, their consideration for their playmates, their good temper under defeat, their readiness to give credit to their opponents. And men need not chant psalms over their wine, or quote Scripture when they relax, or say a prayer when they look at a beautiful picture, or find sermons in every stone, and pious books in every running brook, or be always conscious that the stars are for ever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine." They may be religious without that. By keeping their tastes simple, their tempers sweet, their hearts pure and tender and grateful, they may make their whole life a psalm of worship and praise.

They *may*, but *do* they? There is a fashion of speech just now—if not a fashion of thought—according to which it is wise of a man to "keep his religion to himself." "The less he talks about it," we are told, "the more piety he is likely to have. Let him worship God in the secrerries of his own heart, and not trouble his neighbour with it." It is a very perilous fashion, and a very selfish fashion. You *may* adopt it, indeed, and be a sincerely religious man; but if the prophets and apostles had followed it, where would your religion have been? Nay, where would it have been if all your neighbours were as reticent as you? Do you owe no duty to those who as yet have no love for God and truth? You who have been taught so much, are you never to teach? You to whom good words have so often been helpful, are you never to speak such words? And, after all, if a man loves anything very much, and is an adept in it, can he always refrain from speaking of it? Do men of business never talk of business when they meet? Do volunteers never open their lips about matches and drills? Do those who have a passion for music sit tongue-tied when symphonies and sonatas and glees and madrigals are the theme? Do housewives never discuss the mysteries, and the plagues, of the kitchen? Why, then, should religious persons alone be silent on that which engrosses their thoughts, which they love and venerate above all else? If they are so very careful to conceal their religion, and so successful in concealing it, may it not be because they have but little to conceal?

St. James's mode of expressing religion, of giving

a voice to the spiritual and devout moods of the soul, may be an antiquated and unfashionable mode; but it is so good a mode that it might be well to bring it into vogue again.

"Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Well, is it not natural to sing when we are merry? Do you not hear the children singing as they run about the house when the hours go happily with them? When you go home from business, and pull on your easy coat and slippers, and feel that you have a few pleasant hours before you, do you not instinctively hum a few notes, if you can't do more, as you stroll through the passage or go up and down the stairs?

And if it is natural for men to sing when they are merry, is it not equally natural that good men should sing psalms? What is a good man but a man whose heart instinctively turns to God, whether in sorrow or in joy; who will be still praising him whatever befalls? If you really love him with all your heart, will you never praise him with all your strength? If you feel that you owe your happiness, here and hereafter, to him, your redemption from sin, your endeavour after holiness, your hope of immortality, will you never thank him with a song—you, who instinctively sing when you are glad?

But on St. James's lips the word "psalms" had a definite meaning; it meant the inspired psalms sung in the temple and the church, "the psalms, hymns, and spiritual odes" of which St. Paul speaks. Is it necessary that, when we are rightly and devoutly merry, we should vent our mirth in the songs of Scripture? It is not necessary, but is it not natural and comely? A man must have some words in which to express his gladness, and what words are more happily expressive of a devout gladness than the psalms of David and the hymns of the Christian Church? Our fathers were known and scorned as "eanting psalm-singers," so naturally and often did they betake themselves to the inspired songs. So ancient is this custom of the Church that, eighteen centuries ago, the Roman pro-consul, Pliny, noted it as a feature of the Christians, that they sang hymns to Christ as God.

If we ask for illustrations of St. James's injunction, that we may learn to obey it, there is no lack of illustrations even in the New Testament. Zacharias and Elisabeth, long barren, each of them breaks into a psalm, when God makes them merry by giving them the son who was to go before the Lord and prepare his way. Mary, the mother of Jesus, made merry by the fulfilment of the national hope, gathers verses from the Psalter, adapts them to her use, and weaves a song of praise—the *Magnificat*—which the whole Church repeats to this day. So the devout Simeon, when he beholds "the Consolation of Israel" soars into

the *Nunc dimittis*, taking his "winged words" from the Prophet Isaiah.

It is very true that before we can sing such psalms as these we must have a more exact and comprehensive knowledge of Scripture. But what is to hinder that? What sadder condemnation of ourselves can we pronounce than to admit that the words in which we know we have eternal life are unfamiliar to us? The Virgin Mary was a young girl, brought up in a village proverbial for its rudeness and rusticity. If she had the psalms of David in her heart, and could use them to express her spiritual moods, why should they not be at our command? The small pains we most of us take to know our Bibles is an evil sign. It is no wonder that we do not sing psalms when we are merry; for many of us know no psalms to sing.

"Is any merry? let him sing psalms." We have psalms to sing then. God, who gives us so much joy, has also given us the words in which to express our joy. And it may be reasonably doubted whether we owe him devout thanks for any of the holy men who were moved by the Holy Ghost than for the psalmists—the singers of songs. At first, indeed, we should be tempted to think that, if any part of the Bible must go, it must not be the laws, the direct revelations of the Divine will, or the prophetic applications of truth to human conduct and duty, but the Psalms. And yet, if we remembered that familiar saying, "I don't care who makes a people's laws, if I may make their songs," we might question whether the Psalms should not be the last thing to be parted with rather than the first. And the more we thought of it, the more the doubt would grow. For consider what is implied in God's speaking to us, and moving us to speak to him, through psalms. In these spiritual songs he comes to us with music and poetry, and bids us praise him in chiming verse and bright harmonious tones. Can the God who speaks to us in poetry and music be a harsh and austere Master? Can the God who bids us speak to him in glad melodious numbers love to see us mortified and miserable? Must he not be friendly and well disposed towards us, if he can speak to us so brightly? Must he not love us, and wish us to be happy and merry, if he would have us speak so brightly to him? It is impossible to conceive of God as coming to us in song, and asking us to sing songs to him, and giving us the songs we are too dull or too sad to make for ourselves, and to believe that he is simply a severe Judge or an angry and austere Master.

If we value the psalmists for nothing else, let us value them for this—that they help us to see God as he is, as good and kind and joyful, and as taking pleasure in our kindness and joy. They teach us that God would have us come before him "with a joyful noise" to "make melody before

him from our hearts," not to creep gloomily and forebodingly into his presence, and breathe out sighs and groans. They teach us that the nearer we come to God, and the more deeply we drink into his Spirit, the more joyful we shall be. If we judge David by his psalms, can we conclude that he thought religion was designed to make his pleasures less? that he thought he honoured God by sinking into mournful and dejected moods? It is very true that he has left us penitential psalms, but no music is complete without the minor chords; and it surely is suggestive that he "opens" even his "dark sayings upon the harp," that he *sings*, rather than sobs out, his confessions of sin, his resolves to amend. Take the Psalter as a whole, too, and for every "hearse-like air," you will find a dozen "cheerful carols;" for every mournful lament, a hundred ascriptions of praise. The psalmists are singers who can set even the sorrows of life to sweet music; they are singers to whom life has far more joy than sorrow; their hearts are sensitive to every touch of mirth.

"Is any merry? let him sing psalms." How can we but sing psalms when God himself gives us psalms to sing? If he is pleased to reveal himself to us in music and verse, we may well be joyful in him, and respond in the verse and music he has taught us. He would not speak to us thus if he were not our Friend, and happy in being our Friend; and if he is our Friend, is not that enough to make us victorious over all the ills of life? If our Friend is happy, shall not we be happy too? If you were to meet a neighbour chanting blithe words to blithe music, would you not conclude that he was merry, and wanted you to share his merriment? And when God meets us with a song, what are we to conclude but that he is the happy God, and wants us to share his happiness?

"But our sins—our sins! Are we not to mourn for our sins? Can we be merry while we lie under the condemnation they have provoked?" Surely not: even if there were no future judgment, and no condemnation for sin except the being sinful, we could know no true joy while our sins were unforgiven, unremoved. I do not understand how any man who appreciates spiritual facts and verities can be other than most miserable so long as—because he feels that he is not striving against sin—he knows that his sins are not forgiven. But why should they not be forgiven? Did not God send his Son to take them away? Are we to suppose that he cannot take them away? If he can, and if he came into the world for that express purpose, must he not want to take them away, and feel that his work is not complete till our sins are forgiven and removed? If we hate them, and want to be quit of them; if God hates them, and wants us to be quit of them, and

is trying to remove them, what is to hinder them from going? The feeling which many good men have, that God is somehow reluctant to forgive them, that it is well-nigh beyond even his power to purge them from their iniquities, is contradicted by the whole scope of Scripture, by the whole life and mission of Christ. Why should the God against whom we had sinned speak to us at all, if he did not wish us to know him for our Friend and to be reconciled to him? Why should he send forth his Son to take away the sins of the world, if he did not wish to take away the sin of every man in the world?

Have you never, when you were children, sinned

against the law of your parents, and gone about with a great heaviness in your hearts which clouded all your little world? And when you have been forgiven, if at first the joy was almost too great, if it forced tears from you rather than songs, have you not felt thereafter as though the whole world had grown new and bright to you, and gone about in it with a strange sense of purity and tenderness and gladness, and been ready to dance and laugh and sing at the faintest provocation? And when God forgives you, shall you not be glad? will not your gladness demand a song?

"Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

YE LEGENDE OF ROSERES.

MFAYRE mayden was sclaundered
For wrong sche had not done;
Domed to the deth to paye hire synne,
And yet hire synne was none.

Sche praied untoe oure Sauioure dere
Yth Hee mote gliae hire ayd,
And proue therebye to alle y^e worlde
Sche was an holy mayd.

Then forthe sche steppèd with grete feythe,
Untoe y^e stake sche hyed;
Mekelie sche bowed hire hede to alle
A fayrewel ere sche dyed.

Y^e angry crowde, for blode athirste,
Untoe the pyle sette fire—

Ye blezinge flames mounte to the skye,
With pyercyng strengthe fulle dire.

Whan suddene at hire feete, in steade
Of brondes and fiercest flame,
Are roseres fayre of symple trothe,
And roseres red from schame,

To see soe cruel, wycked deede
Against y^e pure and true—
Thei claspe hire feete, thei clime arunde,
Thei schroude hire inne from viewe.

None othere roseres till this daye
Hadde yet been seene on earthe,
"Tis sure thei came from Paradysse
To proue this fayre mayd's worthe.

—“*Voyage & Travaille of Sir J. Maundevile, Kt.*,” 1322.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL:

THE GRAVE OF BISHOP JEWEL.

THE traveller who approaches Salisbury from the north, along the Marlborough road, cannot avoid seeing the lofty spire of the cathedral; but it is just possible that he may pass with little notice the ancient tomb of Salisbury's mother-city. What mean those earthworks extending for nearly a mile in circuit, trench within trench, and enclosing yon silent and desolate-looking area?

Here a British tribe found a home; here the Roman formed his camp, changing slightly the old Celtic name to the Latinised form, *Sorbiudunum*, and from this place the busy legions made military roads to run in all directions to their distant stations. The Romans left, and the Saxons then seized the stronghold, and called it *Searobyrig*, or *Sarisberia*, from which the abbreviated name *Salisbury* was gradually formed. Time rolled on;

the religion of Christ triumphed; the worship of Odin ceased, and at length the ancient town became in the eleventh century the seat of a bishop, the centre of government for the surrounding country, and a place of meeting for provincial councils and parliaments.

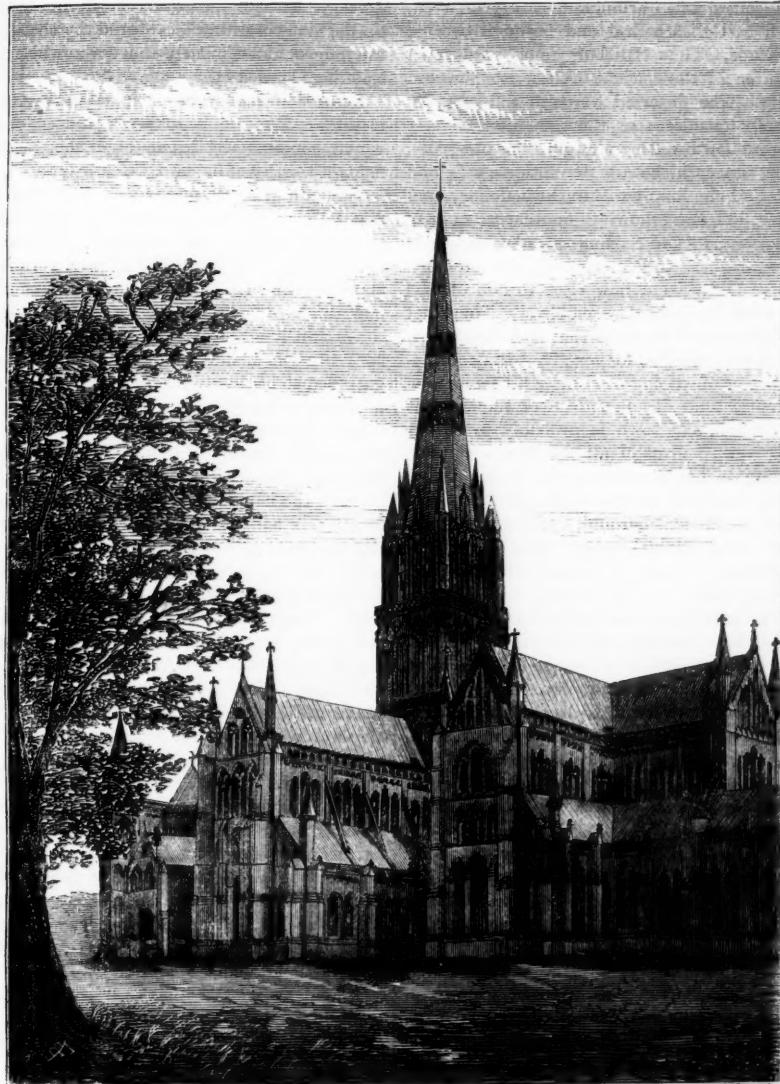
Why, then, is it now a desolation? The story gives us a little insight into the spirit of the “good old times.” The governors and lords of the adjoining castle came, by a natural and easy logic of their own, to the conclusion that cathedral and town, bishop and burgesses, were called into being for the profit and pleasure of feudal chiefs. Whenever the castle wanted money the cathedral and town were summoned to contribute. This at length became intolerable. Some one at last whispered, “If the castle is given over to Satan let us get out of its jurisdiction.” “Leave the

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SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

castle!" became the general cry. The Pope's permission was obtained; the ecclesiastics moved away first, and about the year 1220 erected the first cathedral of New Sarum, or Salisbury. The townspeople gradually followed; the former town was then called *Old Sarum*, and slowly decayed, until both castle, cathedral and borough became ruinous heaps. Thus Salisbury must be deemed the daughter of the ancient Celtic, Roman, and Saxon city. The deserted borough did not become wholly tenantless at the time of the great migration; a few dwellers clung to the old walls, but in the sixteenth century the antiquary Leland could not find one family within the boundary, and in 1833 we find the following singular account of the old borough: "Old Sarum—population, *none*; sends two members to Parliament." Not even one member for Old Sarum now rises to address the "Commons in Parliament assembled." The cruel Reform Bill of 1832 declared that Old Sarum was but a myth, and must no longer give to any gentleman the power of writing M.P. after his name.

The almost total disappearance of the ancient castle, cathedral, and town is probably to be explained by the removal of all the stones suitable for building to the new city; the mere timber structures would, of course, soon perish. Some remains of the ancient borough and the site of the Saxon cathedral have, however, been discovered by modern antiquarians. A subterranean passage extending for 120 feet was traced in 1795, but a farmer, who rented the land, blocked it up because curious visitors trampled on his grass! A far more important discovery was made in 1834, when the site of the ancient cathedral was clearly ascertained, and its length found to have been 270 feet. A ponderous key was also dug up, which had, possibly, often opened the massive door of the church. Some vestiges of an ancient wall, eight feet thick, may still be seen at the north-west of the great trench.

The old settlers in New Sarum appreciated the importance of clear streams, and determined that their home should not be "a dry city." The Avon and the Bourne ripple down the streets, along channels formed by the citizens five hundred years ago, and another stream, the Willey, meets the Avon at the village of Fisherton Anger, now a suburb of Salisbury. We trust all the citizens will pardon us for omitting in this place a history of their important borough. We cannot pause to narrate the joy which filled the town when Henry III. gave the charter which empowered it to hold a market and fair, nor can we describe the throngs which crowded the streets when parliaments were held within the walls. We must also refrain from dwelling on that "All-Souls' Day" when Buckingham was led into Salisbury for execution, surrounded by the soldiery of Richard III. We are

sorely tempted to narrate the hurly-burly, the hubbub, and the hard blows which affrighted the good city on that memorable day of 1655, when the madcap Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, with two hundred madcaps at his back, burst into the town during the assizes, scattered the javelin men, broke up the array of counsel, captured the sheriff, seized the judges, and valiantly ended the whole by proclaiming Charles II.

But our limited space warns us to turn from the traditions of Salisbury to the magnificent cathedral, which contains the grave of Bishop Jewel and many a worthy of olden days.

The 28th of April, in the year 1220, was a great day in New Sarum, for then the first stones of the cathedral were laid amid a great assemblage of all ranks. The services had been performed for about a year in a temporary wooden church, but now Bishop Poore, the Pope's legate, Langton, the archbishop, the Earl of Sarum, William Longspee, his wife Elaide, and a host of notables were gathered to begin a work which should be the admiration of many ages. No less than five stones of honour were laid, the first in the name of the Pope, Honorius III.; the second in the name of the renowned archbishop, Stephen Langton; the third in the name of Poore, Bishop of Sarum; the fourth was laid by Longspee, the Earl of Sarum; and the fifth by the Countess Elaide. In a little more than five years the first service was celebrated in the new pile on the "feast of St. Michael," 1225. Thus rose Salisbury Cathedral, and the whole structure seems to have been completed in about thirty years with the exception of the west front and spire. Various additions were afterwards made, especially to the Lady Chapel, but the structure was for five hundred years deemed "perfect of its kind." We need scarcely inform the reader that this pile is in the form of a double cross, the length being 474 feet, and the great transept extending 230 feet. It stands in a "close" so large

as to enable the spectator to scan the noble aspect and beautiful proportions of the church from a proper distance. The west front, with its numerous niches, its wondrous tracery work, its grand massiveness, relieved by delicate sculpture of most artistic richness, and the wondrous play of light and shadow, whether seen in the brilliancy of sunlight or in the soft beams of the moon, fill the eye with a concentration of architectural subtlety, rich suggestiveness, and finished beauty. The eastern end of the cathedral is even more impressive, from the greater elegance and symmetry of its outlines. The surrounding trees in the close produce, by their masses of foliage and depth of shadow, a feeling of seclusion and quietude, which prepares the mind for appreciating the silent grandeur of the pile. The spire, soaring heavenwards to the height of 404 feet, seems an index

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directing the thoughts to the supernatural and the Divine. It was completed in 1375 by Richard de Farleigh, a famous architect of that age; but the substructure has given way a little under its load of stone, the spire being twenty-four inches out of the perpendicular on the south side and about sixteen inches on the west. Sir Christopher Wren fixed iron bracings in 1681, since which time no further yielding of the foundation has been noticed. The ascent to the top is made by a series of ladders fixed inside until the last forty feet, when iron rings on the outside enable a bold climber to reach the vane. A cool-headed watchmaker is said to have ascended the spire, and to have taken a watch to pieces and put it together again, while at the top, in less than an hour. This feat was the result of a wager, which the watchmaker won.

Those who have been able to estimate the beauty of the exterior, will not be disappointed when they survey the interior of this grand monument of mediæval genius. The nave, choir, Lady Chapel, aisles, columns, roof, multitudinous windows, and the tasteful sculpture enriching all parts, have the power and fulness of a grand architectural poem. The genius of the Pointed (Gothic) Early English style here shows the union of richness with simplicity, and of grandeur with taste.

No reader is likely to suppose that the cathedral remains quite as it appeared to the worshippers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Repairs, alterations, "improvements, and restorations" have at various times produced changes praised by some, but denounced by others as "monstrous." Especially furious was the storm of architectural criticism directed against the alterations in 1790, under the "fashionable" architect, James Wyatt. He was charged with destroying the proportions of the building, by connecting the Lady Chapel with the choir; denounced for pulling down ancient chapels, "scraping away" antique paintings, removing the monuments of the venerated dead, even that of Bishop Poore, and accused of cutting up old tombs into slabs for paving the Lady Chapel. Wyatt's supporters retorted that the paintings were "daubs," and the "laughing-stock" of all intelligent persons; that the removed chapels were "excrescences," that the tombs had long been shut up in wainscot cupboards, and had only been removed to more "dignified positions." Perhaps all admirers of Salisbury Cathedral in the nineteenth century will rejoice that the church escaped with so little damage from an architect whose style has been described as the "genteel commonplace."

Before we pass from considering the cathedral, we must remind the reader that here, and also in the old Saxon building, the famous "Sarum Use," or service-book, was gradually formed. This

Liturgy was originated in the year 1077 by Bishop Osmund, and was adopted throughout a great part of England and Ireland; Hereford, York, Bangor, and Lincoln, having "Uses" of their own.

Where is the grave of Bishop Jewel? His body was placed in the centre of the choir, the epitaph, with his arms, being engraved on a brass fixed to the gravestone, on which all who could read Latin might admire the glowing eulogy composed by the bishop's friend, Lawrence Humphrey. The reader must not be startled to find a pun in the epitaph. It was quite in the style of that age to dedicate the monument to "a Jewel of Jewels" (*gemma gemmarum*). Two funeral sermons were preached in the cathedral on the day of the funeral; in the morning by a Giles Lawrence, and in the afternoon by the "laborious" William Holcot.

The leading events of Bishop Jewel's life may be stated in a few words. He was born at Buden, Devonshire, on the 22nd of May, 1522, admitted at Merton College, Oxford, in his thirteenth year, whence he removed to Corpus in 1539, and took the degree of B.A. in the following year, having already deeply imbibed the principles of the Reformation. He was soon engaged both as a private teacher of Latin, Greek, and rhetoric, pursuing at the same time a wide and close course of reading in history, philosophy, and theology. The accession of Mary exposed him to persecution, for he had boldly declared against Rome, both in the University pulpit and in his church at Sunningwell, near Oxford. He was driven from his fellowship at Corpus; even his life was in danger, and in a day of compromise, Jewel subscribed to religious articles in which he had ceased to believe.

A nobler spirit soon gained the mastery; he fled from England in 1555 to Frankfort, and there publicly renounced his subscription to falsities. He soon departed for Strasburg, then a refuge of many exiled Protestants, and lastly found a home in Zurich with the reformer, Peter Martyr, who had made his escape from England. On the death of Mary, Jewel and a great band of exiles returned to their own country, where all were soon actively engaged in beating down mediæval errors and in restoring primitive truths. Jewel was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross on the 18th of June, 1559, and also received a commission to examine into the state of religion in the West of England. Having now proved himself a zealous reformer, he was, though with reluctance on his own part, induced to accept the see of Salisbury, to which he was consecrated the 21st of January, 1560. The ensuing eleven years of his life were entirely occupied by incessant preaching in all parts of his diocese, and in carrying on the great controversy with the defenders of the Romish dogmas. He died the 23rd of September, 1571, uttering, as his

last words, the concluding verse of the *Te Deum* : "O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded."

This short outline of Jewel's life might suffice, were it right to pass, without further notice, the memorable conflict which forced this bishop to the front of the great battle. Not only the Church of England, but all reformed churches, must regard him as their champion; for he fought, not for the triumph of a sect, but for primitive Christianity. Many of our readers are, doubtless, aware that Jewel was engaged in a twofold controversy, both carried on at the same time; one rising out of the famous challenge in his sermon at St. Paul's Cross on the 26th of November, 1559, the other produced by the attacks on his celebrated "Apology for the Church of England," published in 1562. In the former he publicly offered to recant if any one would produce but a single passage from Scripture, from the *ancient* fathers, from ancient general councils, or one example from the primitive Church, in support of the *peculiar* doctrines of the Church of Rome. He then specified twenty-seven opinions held by Rome, which he defied her divines to prove from the above-mentioned authorities. The challenge was accepted by Thomas Harding, formerly Hebrew professor at Oxford, who had joined the Church of Rome in the time of Queen Mary, and had taken up his residence at Louvain, in

Flanders. He was now as furious in his attacks on Jewel as he had formerly been vehement in his denunciations of Rome. Harding's bold assertions compelled the Bishop of Salisbury to notice and refute every objection, step by step, which he did in his great work, the "Defence." The "Apology" was but a small treatise in Latin, occupying only ninety-four pages in Dr. Jelf's edition. The "Defence" was published in English, and extends over nearly eight hundred folio pages, laden with stores of learning, and displaying the closest reasoning combined with a moderation in language to which his opponent seemed a stranger. So popular was the "Defence" that it is not uncommon to find in the churchwardens' accounts of that period entries of sums paid for "a Jewel," which was placed in the church for public use, secured by a chain to a desk. The great controversy of the sixteenth century is not yet over, and while it lasts the learning and arguments of the Bishop of Salisbury will have a high value for all true reformers in every land.

Salisbury may justly rejoice in her magnificent cathedral, but this noble pile becomes more deeply interesting, when we remember that within its walls the great champion of the English Church laboured, while living, for God, for the Church, and for mankind; and that here his body awaits the resurrection to life everlasting. W. D.

THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

CHAPTER IV.

ES. It was George Baylis, the "great awkward artilleryman," and he had turned up, as Chatty remarked, "without a dress-coat, and just in time to keep her birthday." He had only arrived in England that morning, and had started off at once to see the Deenes.

"And to be present at my party," said Chatty, who, in spite of her *tendresse* for Harold Greyson, was delighted to see him; but he protested against appearing at it, declaring he was tired and he was not dressed, and besides he must soon be off, he added; but he had taken lodgings for a month in town, before he finally settled with his own people in the country. He had six months' leave before him, after his three years of foreign service, and then he would only be stationed at Portsmouth, so they were not likely to lose sight of him again, but he would not stay that evening.

"Oh, but you must," insisted Mr. Deene. "We won't let you go."

"Yes, do stay," they all chimed in, all but Chatty, who was thinking that if he monopolised her, it

would very effectually spoil her evening as far as Harold Greyson was concerned.

"No," he said, "I will come early to-morrow, but I will not stay now."

"I do wish you would!" said Emily, putting up her blue eyes at him.

"You shall!" exclaimed Chatty, vigorously, suddenly recovering from her momentary fit of selfishness, and feeling ashamed of it. "Why, George, of course you will. You shall!"

"I look such a savage," he began, relenting when she joined in with the general voice.

"No, you don't, you look like a hero. I'll tell them all you are a warrior, just returned from battle; there's no war anywhere just now, but that don't matter, people dote on lions, so they'll believe anything you tell them. You look like a hero too. They are always sunburnt, and a little bit wild-bearish-looking, you know, so you'll just do; besides—do stay," she added, dropping the laughing tone, for a remembrance of Welling flashed upon her, and she thought she had hardly been cordial enough at first.

"I'll stay if you like——"

"Very well, that's settled. Now I'll go and dress."

"You had better make haste," said Maria, who was looking uncommonly well. People who knew her declared she was the prettiest of the family, only she was so quiet and unobtrusive they did not find it out for a long time. Maria, too, was a good, religious girl, who seldom swerved, under any circumstances, from her idea of duty—one of those girls whose influence is felt more than seen, and who do more good and are a greater blessing than they themselves are aware of, or than other people will believe.

At last Chatty went to make her toilet, but not before she had heard Mrs. Wayson and her daughter, Mrs. Spink, arrive.

Mrs. Wayson was a nice old lady, with the stamp of the beauty for which she had been remarkable in her youth still upon her face. According to her account, "poor dear Mr. Wayson" (he was deceased, as that epithet sufficiently explains), had been a great personage in his time—*chargé d'affaires*, somewhere or other. Chatty once, in a moment of idle curiosity, asked where, and being told, in a second moment of idle curiosity consulted the authorities, and found that no such post existed at the place in question; but that didn't matter, it sounded well. Mrs. Wayson was agreeable and fond of society, but miserably out of health. She had a habit of making jokes which were just a shade doubtful, perhaps, but people pretended not to understand them, or they were passed over with "poor thing! she's so delicate, you know, and has so little to cheer her up," so Mrs. Wayson, with nice-old-lady face and tasty caps, was popular in her circle.

Mrs. Spink, her daughter, was also a widow, though she was but six-and-twenty. She had three children, and only a small income, yet she always dressed well and looked well, and kept up an appearance. She was pretty, and as fascinating in her way as Harold Greyson was in his, and a dreadful flirt. Every one paid her attention, every one flirted with her and crowded round her at the piano, and listened when she sang, and laughed at her witty sayings; but they did not offer to marry her. Oh no! they knew better. Her finances were too small, her children too many, and her flirting propensities too well developed.

"There's the Prawn," said Chatty to herself, upstairs, "I know his knock." The "Prawn" was Charles Dyce. He was a little man, with a pinky face, very short light hair, which always seemed to have been combed the wrong way, and very small, round, dark eyes. Altogether, he bore a striking likeness to the crustacean after which Chatty had named him. He had a mania—it was time. He beat time to everything. He lectured any unlucky reader who did not get quite into the swing of a verse. He would stop the most absorbing piece of music, to request the performer to repeat a bar that had been incorrectly played; and he would by his

remarks disconcert the most practised singer if a note was lingered on too long. The Prawn was supposed to be looking after Maria, though the latter denied the supposition.

Mary Channing was the next comer. There was nothing particular about her, excepting that she was too stout, looked very hot, and wore a dress with little white patches all over it. The Irrepressible said she looked like a furnace caught in a snow-storm, which was absurd.

After two or three young men and some pretty-looking girls and their mothers had arrived, "that horrid little Dr. Denby," as Chatty very disrespectfully called him, appeared. Morton Denby deserves a word or two. He was the younger son of a baronet; short, but not bad-looking, exceedingly quiet, and a little shy. It was an odd trait in a doctor; yet on all points save one he was very shy. The one point was in regard to his singing. He had a voice, as all his friends were aware to their cost. He knew very little about music, but he knew a good deal of Italian, and he gave himself credit for a great deal of taste; and he really had a good voice, though it was often out of tune, so that altogether he fancied himself a second Mario, and tried to convince his friends that he was one; but his friends refused to be convinced. He sung all the choicest bits from the best compositions, and if he did not quite murder them, he seriously wounded the musical susceptibilities of his hearers. Like many people, too, who have a voice, and yet do not know how to manage it, he was proud of hearing himself make a noise, and when he thus indulged he also liked others to hear him, and the others did not like it. About six months previously he had bought a practice near the Deenes', and his coming had caused quite a sensation in the neighbourhood—that is, among the middle-class residents of their standing. A rising professional man, single, well-off, and well-connected, he was quite a lion! Every father invited him home to a "quiet family dinner;" every daughter was afraid her poor dear mamma's constitution was delicate, and thought it advisable to send for that "nice clever Dr. Denby" as frequently as appearances would allow; but all their exertions were thrown away. He had a soul above matrimony. In vain the girls crimped their hair at him, and, fearing they were consumptive, appeared before him in the most carelessly elaborate of morning-dresses, and asked him if he thought the colour in their cheeks hectic; in vain they learnt his accompaniments, and played over his songs, and told him it was quite a treat to listen to him, he sung with so much expression; in vain they all said they thought his profession such a noble one, to relieve the suffering and minister to the sick: it all made no impression upon Dr. Morton Denby. He loved but two things in the world—firstly, himself; secondly, his profession; of any third love he was incapable. He had one

weakness (besides fancying himself a musical marvel), he liked eating. It is an ugly weakness, but a commoner one than is generally confessed (he did not confess it). His private—very private—opinion, upon which he never enlightened the world and his friends and admirers, was, that man was made to eat, and the world was made to eat in. The Deenes had had occasion to send for him professionally soon after he had come to the neighbourhood; but they had never run after him. The Deene girls voted his singing “a noise” behind his back, and called him “that horrid little doctor,” but he had attended Fred, the younger boy, in a fever, and it was at his request he had been invited; therefore Fred regarded Dr. Denby as his own particular guest, and treated him accordingly.

“Oh dear me!” said Chatty, disconsolately, standing before the glass, “there’s a knock. It must be Mr. Greyson this time, every one else, I think, has arrived. I declare I am not ready yet, and I do look so ugly. I’m looking my very worst. I always do when I want to look well. My complexion’s downright muddy to-night. I must make haste down too, or Emily and Mrs. Spink will flirt themselves ill with him. I do so hope George Baylis won’t plague my life out. One more look, and then here goes. Ugh! what a fright!” and she went. Yet she was not looking a fright by any means. She was a very slim, pale girl, but excitement had sent a flush into her cheeks. Her plain, high white dress, too, suited her slight figure, and a white rose in front of her dress was the only ornament she wore, save the wonderful masses of black hair twisted round her head. She looked almost pretty to-night, for she was at her best, and, what added to her attraction, unconsciously so.

“I think I’ll just go and take Molly’s opinion,” she thought, as she hesitated outside the drawing-room door. So she ran quickly down-stairs, and stood before the eyes of the astonished handmaiden. “Molly, how do I look?”

“Lovely, miss.”

“Don’t tell stories, Molly,” and she rushed upstairs again, delighted.

George Baylis rose as she entered, and petitioned dumbly that she would sit near him; but she shook her head, and went up to Mrs. Wayson, taking a rapid glance round the room. Mrs. Spink was singing, and every one listening, for her voice was good enough to command attention. Harold Greyson was turning over the leaves of her song, but as soon

as it was finished he crossed over, and sat down on a vacant chair, near to which Chatty took care to establish herself.

“What is the matter with you?” he said, presently; “there is something different in you to-night.”

“Different—how?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he answered, looking down on her, while Chatty felt an inward conviction from his tone that the evening would be delightful. “Only I never saw you looking so well before.” He meant it too. He flirted purposely a great deal, but he had so much sentiment in his composition that he generally ended in, for a time at any rate, falling in love with, or having a strong sentimental feeling, which he mistook for love, for the girls he favoured with his particular attentions. He had just arrived at that stage as concerned Chatty Deene, and to-night she looked so fresh and nice, that, unconsciously, she was bringing things to what she longed, yet feared—a crisis.

“She is very nice to look at,” he thought; “and though she is not strictly pretty, there is something very taking in her badly-disguised pleasure when I talk to her, and she’s delightfully fresh. I wonder how we should get on together if I made a fool of myself and married her.” It was the first time the thought had occurred to him, and somehow he could not get rid of it, though he told himself a dozen times that it was absurd and impossible. The fact was, his vanity was flattered by her love, for it was love, and by the admiration the girl evidently had for him, and vanity was very much the strongest feeling in Harold Greyson’s nature.

And all this time the “great awkward artilleryman,” who was worth a dozen of his rival, sat talking commonplaces to Maria, wondering if Chatty had ever cared for him, or known, or thought even, of how he had carried the memory of the old happy days at Welling through all the long months and years in Canada, and how he had looked forward to his return, and he had come and found her thus.

“It’s very easy to see how things are,” he thought, “and yet I won’t believe it, and that fellow is only flirting, I am certain. She’s all right, I dare say. She likes to show off, perhaps, and let me see how she’s admired, that’s all. She’s as true as steel, I know she is. Not that she is, or ever was, bound to me, and yet—well, I dare say it’s all right.”

(To be continued.)

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M A Y ' S W I S H .

PART II.

MIT would take a great deal too long to narrate all the adventures May met with on her journey, but each one seemed to her more wonderful than the last. The only thing that vexed her was that every one seemed so **busy**. They mounted into the air on a fairy car drawn by a pair of dragon-flies, which the dwarf guided with reins of gossamer, and, as they passed over the tops of the tall trees, the birds sang of the nests they were building; the squirrels hopped briskly about, chattering of the store of nuts they would lay in for their winter supply; the very gnats that whirled round and round in the air seemed to have some business of their own, which they were transacting with bustling energy. No one had any sympathy with poor lazy little May, bent on accomplishing her journey to the land of "Do Nothing."

By-and-by they arrived at Fairyland, where May was greatly astonished to find that the fairies, instead of floating airily about on gossamer wings, performing every wonderful feat they wished to accomplish with a touch of their magic wands, as she had hitherto imagined, had real hard work to do. It was one of their tasks, she now learned, to paint afresh every day all the flowers in the world! To every fairy was assigned a flower which each morning was bathed in the sparkling dew, and painted with a brush formed of a single thread of a spider's web dipped in the glowing colours of the sunrise.

But what seemed to May the strangest thing of all was the hospital for sick flowers, where the nurses were clad in wings of grey gauze, and wore caps a great deal too large for their tiny heads, that were made out of white snowdrops. The flowers were nursed tenderly all the winter, and brought back to the earth in spring-time. The coccuses, they told her, were the hardiest of all, for they were fit to travel quite early in the spring, while others did not recover sufficient strength for the journey till far on in the summer. But what was May's surprise when she recognised among the patients some flowers which she had herself thrown out early that morning! She was just going to ask how they came there, when the queen of the fairies began to give her some advice, which May thought very disagreeable.

"You are a silly little girl," said the fairy, severely "and have come out on a wild-goose chase. There is a great deal more happiness to be found in doing your work heartily, whatever it may be, than in giving yourself up to indolent self-indulgence. If you were to be idle every day of your life, as you say you wish to be, you would be very miserable."

May thought the beautiful fairy was changing in a very odd way; her face was quite altered, and her voice sounded just like Miss Wilson's, May's daily governess, when she was lecturing her lazy little pupil for inattention.

"You had much better go back the way you came," continued the queen, "before you find out by experience the truth of what I say."

But May put her fingers in her ears and ran away in a pet.

"Here we are at last!" cried the dwarf, after they had travelled a few hundred miles in complete silence.

"Is this the land of Do Nothing?" exclaimed May, in a tone of disappointment.

She had pictured to herself fair meadows and tall forest trees, beneath whose leafy canopy she might recline in luxuriant indolence, silvery streams winding through wooded dells, and flowers of as wondrous beauty as those of Fairyland. Instead of this, she now saw a wide stretch of bare, bleak moor-land, intersected by a broad muddy river, and hemmed in on every side by tall, grim rocks.

She asked where were the houses to live in, and the dwarf pointed with a grin to the grey, desolate ruins of what seemed once to have been magnificent palaces. She asked if there were no trees under which the people might shelter, and she was shown about a dozen leafless stumps that were scattered over the plain.

"And where are the gardens and the flowers?" questioned May, strongly tempted to cry.

"There are no gardeners in the land of Do Nothing," replied her guide, grinning from ear to ear in evident enjoyment of her disappointment.

"I have heard my father say," interposed an elderly man, who was listlessly crouching on the ground near where they stood, "that for many generations we had a race of slaves under our rule, who cultivated the land, built splendid palaces, and served diligently the lords of the land. But in my grandfather's time they broke out into rebellion, incited thereto by some restless demagogue from beyond the mountains, who had the impertinence to tell them that though by the laws of the land they were subject to us, yet, as we should assuredly never exert ourselves to enforce those laws, they might defy them with impunity. They massacred many of their late masters, cut down the trees, despoiled the gardens, and sacked the palaces, escaping with their plunder into another country. Since then everything has fallen into ruin as you see," added their informant, in a tone of quiet indifference.

May listened with some dismay to this narrative.

She thought the inhabitants were very cowardly to make no resistance to their insurgent slaves, and was greatly disappointed to find the land of Do Nothing such a very different place from what she had imagined. Rather anxiously she inquired whether they had any enemies.

There were a good many, the man said, but the only one they much dreaded was a powerful giant named Ennui, who was in the habit of making daily raids upon them and carrying off numerous prisoners to his strong castle, where he bound them in the chains of Discontent till they died.

May turned pale with fright. "Oh, take me away," she cried piteously, turning to where the dwarf stood; but he had disappeared, and a mocking "ha, ha, ha!" which seemed to come from beneath her feet, and which was re-echoed by the rocks in deafening clamours, was the only reply she received.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" cried poor May, wringing her hands in despair. "What shall I do?" she cried again, turning to the old man, who lay staring at her with an expression of vacant wonderment; but he had already exerted himself far more than was his wont, and turned a deaf ear to her passionate entreaties.

May began to wish she had taken the fairy queen's advice, and turned back before it was too late. Now her magic shoes had lost their power, the fairy car had vanished, and her guide had deserted her.

For some time she wandered sadly up and down, feeling very frightened and home-sick, till, quite tired out, she crouched down beneath one of the ancient buttresses of a ruined castle, and cried herself to sleep.

She was aroused from her slumbers by sounds of tumult and confusion, mingled with faint cries of distress. Trembling from head to foot, she looked out and beheld a gigantic figure, clad in black armour, who was seizing the unfortunate inhabitants and binding them with heavy fetters. May also observed that he wore round his waist a belt, on which was inscribed, in glittering letters, the name "Ennui," and that he was accompanied by one so like him that she thought he must be his twin brother, who was drawing along, with light, flowery chains, a tribe of captives, whom he delivered to his leader. He was more attractive-looking than the man in armour, and wore a much gayer belt, on which the name of "Indolence" was engraved in letters of gold. May wondered his prisoners did not break their chains and resist; but though they moaned their fate with woeful cries and groans, this idea seemed not to occur to them.

May had hardly made these observations when the giant perceived her, and advanced towards her with hasty strides. Wild with fright she darted away, scarce knowing whither she went, till her headlong course was arrested by the broad river that flowed at her feet. For a moment she hesitated; but her pur-

suer was at her heels; his huge hand was stretched out to seize her, and with a shriek of terror, she plunged into the water.

"Hallo, May! what's the matter?" said a laughing voice. "Have you had a nightmare?"

"Where am I?" asked May, in a bewildered tone.

"Where are you? why, in the wood, to be sure, with the French grammar in your lap, over which you went to sleep, I suppose. But be so good as to wake up now, if you please, young lady, for the tea-bell has rung, and mamma has sent me to look for you."

The familiar voice and the merry, ringing laugh recalled May's scattered senses. "Oh, Walter!" she cried, springing up, and throwing her arms in an ecstasy of delight round her brother's neck, "it was only a dream. I am so glad!" And then little May took her brother's hand and trudged home in high glee, very glad to have escaped in safety from the land of Do Nothing. M. L. B. KER.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

199. How long was the involuntary manslayer obliged to remain in the city of refuge whither he had fled?

200. Mention two examples from the Old Testament in proof of our Lord's charge against Jerusalem that she had killed the Lord's prophets.

201. A passage from the prophecy of Zechariah is ascribed to another author in the New Testament.

202. What passage in the Old Testament gives us clearly to understand that the ancestors of Abraham practised idolatry?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 592.

178. Ishmael, Isaac, Josiah, Cyrus, John Baptist, and our blessed Lord. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

179. When Samuel made his sons judges over Israel. "The elders of Israel gathered themselves together and came to Samuel . . . and said, Now make us a king."

180. Yes. In the Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 17) and in the Epistle of St. James (ii. 21).

181. See Numb. xxi. 14, 15.

182. Neh. ix. 7. "Thou art the Lord the God, who didst choose Abram, and broughtest him forth out of Ur of the Chaldees."

183. The account in Gen. xix. 25 says that God "overthrew those cities." In Isa. xiii. 19, Jer. xx. 16, and Amos iv. 11, the word "overthrow" is used in reference to the destruction of the cities.

184. For seeking the aid of Benhadad, King of Syria. See 2 Chron. xvi. 7.

185. In Deut. v. 21 it says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, his field," &c. There is no mention of "field" in Exodus.

186. Deut. i. 10. "The Lord your God hath multiplied you, and, behold, ye are this day as the stars of heaven for multitude."